of the dead. PANTHEISM shows us a beautiful mansion—but the sight is melancholy : we have no desire to enter the building, for it is without an inhabitant: there is no warm heart to beat, no just mind to rule, in these large but tenantless halls. It gives us illusions which " serve to alleviate nothing, to solve nothing, to illuminate nothing: they are vapours which may, indeed, show bright and gaudy colours when seen at a great distance, but in the bosom of which, if one enters, there is nothing but chill and gloom."* SUPERSTITION shows a strange land—such as the eye pictures in the twilight, when objects are imperfectly seen—with scenes ever shifting with the capricious temper of those who rule over them without grace and without dignity, who are now sportive and now revengeful, but never just and never benevolent, while those subjected to their power alternate between wild merriment and excruciating misery. TRUE FAITH opens our eyes on a world on which, no doubt, there rests a mysterious cloud, rising from the damps of sin, but above which, shining with bright and steady beams, there is a luminary before which that cloud must at last fade away and disappear, and leave a land of perpetual calm and never-failing light.

The ATHEIST is bold and arrogant, but it is with the audacity of a man who is contending with an inward principle. Plutarch is wrong in saying that he is free from all fear and perturbations of mind. You may observe that he is awe-struck at the void which he hath made, and that he starts at the sounds which he strikes up to relieve the sepulchral silence. If he fears not God, he fears the next event, dark and horrid, which blind fate may evolve. He boasts that he is above the fear of punishment: but he may be oppressed by a dread of pain, and he knows of no comforter to cheer him under it. The PANTHEIST wanders in a lovely region, but he meets there with no

friend to cheer, to sympathize with, to support, to comfort him. He talks of communion with nature, or the spirit of nature; but his idea is ever evaporating and vanishing into nothing: and the real thought is ever pressed upon him, that the whole is an illusion: for there is no living being to feel responsive to his feelings, and his soul sacldsns under a sense of utter loneliness. He feels like a man shut up m an abode of surpassing magnificence^ but without a

* North British Review, 1846, No. I, John Foster.